

The History of

Cousin, on wednesday next our counsell we will hold
At windfor, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speede to vs againe,
For more is to be said and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my Liege

Enter Prince of wales and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Exeunt.

Fals. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so far witted with drinking of old sacke,
and vbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon benches
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truly
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of sack,
and minutes capones, and clockes the tongues of bawdes, and
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunn him-
selfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I see no rea-
son why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaunde the time
of the day.

Fals. Indeepe you come nere mee now *Hal*, for we that take
purfes, go by the moone & the seven stars, and not by *Phaebus*,
he, that wandring knight so faire: & I prethee sweet wag, when
thou art King, as God saue thy grace; maiesty I should say, for
grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Fals. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-
logue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fals. Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called the eues of the
dayes beuty: let vs be *Dianas* terresters, Gentlemen of the
shade; minions of the Moone, and let men say, wee bee men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste mistris the moone, vnder whose countenance wee
steale.

Prince. Thou sayest wel, and it holdes wel too, for the fortune
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooffe. Now
a purse

Henry the fourth.

a purse of golde most resolutely inacht on Munday night, and
most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with swearing
lay by, & spent with crying, bring in: now in as low an ebbe as
the foote of the ladder, & by & by in as high a flow as the ridg
of the gallowes.

Fals. By the Lord thou saiest true lad, and is not my hostesse
of the tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the castle, & is not
a buffeierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fals. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quipes
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to do with a buffeier-
kin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hostesse of
the tauerne?

Fals. Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning many a time
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fals. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there!

Prin. Yea and else where, so far as my coine would stretch,
and where it would not, I haue vsed my credit.

Fals. Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not here apparant that
thou art heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shall there be
gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolu-
on thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the
law: do not thou when thou art a King hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a brane iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane thou shalt haue
the hanging of the theecues, and so become a rare hangman.

Fals. Well *Hal*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my hu-
mor, as well as waiting in the Court I can tel you.

Prince. For obtaining of futes?

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of futes, whereof the hangman hath
no leane wardrop. Zblood I am as malancholy as a gyb Cat, or
a lugd Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers lute.

Fals. Yea or the drone of a Linconsheirs bagpipe.

Prince. What saiest thou to a Hare, or the malancholy of
Mooreditch?